

You're a What Now?

by jkpanthera

Category: Supernatural

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Charlie B., Dean W., OC, Sam W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 21:21:37

Updated: 2016-04-26 18:39:24

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:33:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 9,007

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Being a Therian isn't easy. Especially when it comes to hiding it from the Winchester brothers themselves! Adventure story from the point of view from my OC. I have just been daydreaming about this idea for months and decided to finally write it down (or type it down, rather). Please feel free to give me some feedback!

## 1. Chapter 1

### Chapter 1

I stumbled through the forest for what seemed like ages, and my legs felt like they were on fire. My aching stomach growled, as if groaning, "cheeessseburgeeeeerrssss".

"Shut up" I groaned back. Hungry and tired as I was, I didn't think I should stop anytime soon, whether I thought I had lost the demons on my tail or no. Jerks. As if abducting a girl, torturing her for info, and chaining her to the floor for a week wasn't enough, now they had to chase me for God knows how long through a seemingly endless forest. Some people, right? I sighed. Problems of being a Therian, I guess.

It was getting dark out, and I was about to pass out, whether from exhaustion, dehydration, or starvation, I couldn't decide. Maybe a combination of the three. So much for running all night. I sniffed the air. \_C'mon, c'mon,\_ I thought. \_There had to at least be an abandoned wood shed I can crash in for the night, or a stream. A cool, rushing little stream I could dip my toes in and refill my water bottle with...\_ I sniffed again. Jackpot! There seemed to be a sizable cabin not too far from here, and from the smell of it, the old guy who usually stayed there hadn't been there in some time, and the two younger dudes currently using the place had left at least a few days ago. I smiled. Thank God! I could probably stay the night and then move on in the morning. Maybe they left some food behindâ€¦ I clutched my stomach. Not now body, not now, just a little while

longer.

As I got closer, I could smell more. Aftershave, beer, pine, leather, and- and- blood? I was almost to the back door, but I took a step back. Did I smell that right? I took a long inhale. Yep, blood, but it was the young guys, and it was pretty faint, but there had been quite a bit. Maybe they had gotten into a bad bar fight or something. Undeterred, I once again headed for the back door, and took my lock-pick kit from my pack, and after a minute or so, I stepped inside. The cabin was fairly simple, but homey, a bit of furniture here and there, a sofa, a TV, a table, and mythology and lore books spread around the place.

I made a beeline for the fridge and cracked it open. Despite my ravenous hunger, I knew I wouldn't be able to down much, not without it coming right back up, so I made myself a sandwich, drank a huge glass or two of water, refilled my water bottles, and promptly crashed landed on the couch.

I woke up to the sound of an engine rumbling at the front of the house. Crud! The two guys were back already? I looked out the window. It was night again, and I guessed I had slept through last night and the day after. Well, not surprising, considering the my prior condition, but I had more pressing matters to attend to. As their voices got closer to the front door of the cabin, I scrambled for my pack and hid in the nearest closet, and buried myself under the pile of blankets and sheets at the bottom. I'll just wait for them to go to sleep, and slip out unnoticed, I thought. Shouldn't take long. To pass the time, I listened to the two of them talk.

"Hey, Dean, did you finish the peanut butter?" The light-voiced one asked.

"No, why?" Dean replied. Oh dear. I thought.

"It's just that there's nothing in here. Could've sworn there was at least some in here when we left."

"Yeah, well, maybe you're seein' things Sam." Sam huffed a laugh. Why did those names sound familiar? My palms started sweating a tad. If I got caught and they called the police, I would be a sitting duck in a jail cell. Those poor cops wouldn't know what hit them when the demons came- Stop it. I told myself. You're overreacting. They won't guess there's a girl in their closet because of a little missing peanut butter. I heard one of them walk towards the bedroom on the right of the cabin.

"Aw, Dean" Sam said.

"What Sammy?" Dean called back from the table.

"Did you spill beer on the laundry again?"

"No." He paused. "Maybe."

"Really?"

"C'mon Sam, it was dark and I had my beer on the counter next to it and, wellâ€|" I heard him shrug. Sam sighed and started walking to the closet. My heart slid into my throat, I held my breath, and

froze, palms sweating, and I prayed that he couldn't hear my heart thudding wildly. He opened the door, grabbed the laundry detergent, and closed the door. I calmed back down. Not long after, the both of them said their goodnights and I opened the door of the closet.

I got about halfway to the door when the pan cracked me on the back of the head, and I collapsed to the floor.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

The next time I woke up wasn't as pleasant as the last. Water splashed in my face, and I opened my eyes, gasping. My eyes darted around the room, and settled on the brother's faces. \_Of course. Sam and Dean. The two that Crowley had mentioned so often when he thought I was knocked out. The Winchesters. Hunters. Why hadn't I realized it sooner? May have something to do with the whole "exhaustion/starvation/dehydration" thing, \_ I countered myself.

"Well, she ain't a demon" Dean said, screwing the cap back on the flask I assumed held holy water. I tugged at the zip ties on my wrists that bound me to a wooden chair, and cringed. Bad move. The bruising from the shackles still hadn't healed.

"And I assume you two aren't demons, seeing as you ever so graciously dumped a flask of holy water on my head" I retorted. Maybe not the best idea of the century.

"Oh \_yeah\_, smart ass? Sam, get the silver knife." I flinched. After being tortured, that stuff kind of gets to you, but I knew what they were doing. I don't blame them, actually. If I were a hunter, and some random wild chick snuck into my house, and ate my peanut butter, I'd be suspicious too. Sam got the knife and made a small cut on my arm, looking almost apologetic, and I clenched my teeth. That wasn't so bad, was it?

"Well, she seems to be clean." Sam said. He motioned towards my bound wrists and feet.

"Uhuh. Sure. Right after she answers our questions." Dean said. Sam sighed.

"Alright, so, first off, I'm Sam and this is my brother, Dean. What's your name?"

"Amal."

"So why are you here, Amal?" He asked. I told him the truth. Well, a half truth. I told him I was running from demons, who I escaped from a couple of days ago, and they were still after me, as far as I knew, and that I had found the cabin and decided to crash there for the night, then move on. No ill intent.

"But why would they kidnap you?" He asked. And therein was the lie.

"I hunt sometimes. They probably knew who I was because I'd exorcised

a couple of their buddies awhile back." Not a total lie, but it did it's job of shielding them from learning what I really was.

Sam turned to Dean and said, "Well?"

Dean uncrossed his arms, took the silver knife from Sam (who had it lying near him), and cut the zip ties binding me to the chair.

"Thanks." I said, got up, and immediately fell down. Thankfully, Dean caught me, and set me down on the couch. "Sorry," I said, "guess I'm still a bit weak" I gave a small, breathy, laugh, and my head flopped to the back of the couch. Sam handed me a glass of water. I took it.

"How long did they keep you, exactly? Sam asked.

"About a week or so. I'm not really sure, since where they were keeping me had no windows." Dean checked his phone for the date and told me. "So I was in there for two weeks?" I snorted. "Time flies when you're being kidnapped." Sam huffed a laugh while Dean shook his head. Then they exchanged a look, as if they were having a telepathic argument of some sort. Finally, Sam gave Dean a hard look and Dean seemed to resign. Sam turned to me.

"Why don't you stay here for a few days while you get better?" He asked. "That way you'll be safe for the time being, and once your better we can get a friend to take you were you need to go." I was a little shocked by the offer, seeing as I had just broken into their cabin and stole their food, and hadn't really done much to gain their trust, though Dean seemed opposed to the idea. But what I was mostly worried about was that although I would be safer here than anywhere else I knew of, I would also run the risk of them finding out what I truly was. I set the glass down and started to get up.

"Look it's a very generous offer but—" I collapsed on the couch. "-it looks like I don't have much choice" I sighed.

"Well I guess it's settled then." Dean said. "But first, let me set some ground rules. Number one. No maiming or killing either of us at any time. Two. Don't touch my pie, or my car, or so help me demons won't be the only thing you have to worry about. Three. Don't mess with or take any of our gear. Got that?" He pointed at me.

"Yes sir" I made a mock salute and grinned. He squinted at me.

"Good." He said, and walked back to his room. Sam went to the closet and came back with a blanket.

"Here. You'd better get some shut eye if you want to get better." He started towards his room, stopped, and turned to me. "Oh, and by the way, Dean isn't really that tough, he's all mush once you get to know him." Sam grinned mischievously.

"I heard that!" Dean yelled from the inside of his room. Sam shook his head and laughed, and walked to his room.

## Chapter 3

And so, I stayed. I regained my strength, little by little. After a day I was able to walk (Thank goodness) and I helped them in what small ways I could (It was the least I could do). Sam and Dean were still a bit wary of me, and I honestly can't blame them, they had done me a huge favor, and though I needed to get out of there as fast as I could to avoid, well, discovery, I couldn't help myself. I just couldn't. Really. Dumbest decision of my life. I kissed Dean.

Haaaaaaaahahaaaaa. Not really. But the look on your face, right? No, my decision was waaaay worse. I went on a case with them. I know, I know, doesn't sound like the worst idea I could've had, but just hear me out. It all started about three days after I arrived at (read: broke in), their place. I was finally feeling better, and I planned on leaving the next day, in fact, thanking them for helping me out, then skedaddling myself out of there as far as physically possible away from any hell monkeys in existence. And I probably would have. And then they found the case. What can I say? I felt indebted to them for helping me out when I needed it, so I guess I wanted to return the favor. Besides, they could drop me off wherever when we were done, right? And then we'd all go off on our own separate ways, frolicking into the sunset. Cue the canned laughter, because that is not how it went down.

"Hey," Sam says "take a look at this." He waved me and Dean over to his computer, and played a security video of a fisherman getting dragged off of his boat by a creature that looked like a cross between a frog and a- oh dear.

"What the \$&%?" Dean said, brows furrowing. "What is that thing?"

"I dunno" Sam replied "But whatever it is, there have been no less than five disappearances in the area, all near the same body of water, and all of them happened within the last week. It's a pretty small fishing town, and they usually don't get that many disappearances or murders within a year." While they talked, I debated whether I should tell them what it was, but, from my earlier rant, you can tell how that went.

"I know what it is." I said, running a hand through my pixie cut hair. "It's a Llamhigyn y dwr."

"A lamb hitting a deer?" Dean said, looking at me like I had just grown a second head.

"A Llamhigyn y dwr" I repeated. It's a creature from Welsh mythology, half bat, half frog, and it has a rather unhealthy taste for wandering sheep and unsuspecting fishermen."

"Wait, Welsh?" Doesn't that mean it should be in the UK?" Sam inquired.

"Yeah, I know. I ran into one while I was abroad a while back. What it's doing in the Midwest, I have no idea."

"So you know how to kill it?" Dean asked.

"Yeah, it can be killed like any other animal, swords work best, of course, but you have to watch out for its stinger. Darn thing nearly

took my head off last time around, so I ended up throwing the sword into it's ugly gut while it was dive bombing me, and, well, I smelled less than peachy for about a week."

"But we can kill it, right?" Dean said. I sighed.

"Yes, but we're going to need a sword." I replied.

"Ok, well, I know just the place." Sam said.

He turned to Dean. "Do you thinkâ€¢?"

"You know what? I bet she does." Dean said.

"What? Who has what?" I asked, at a complete loss.

"Charlie." They said in unison.

"Who's Charlie?" I asked. Dean walked past me, already intent on packing for the trip. He patted me on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, you'll like her." He said, smirking.

"So uh" Sam started, still sitting at the table. "You coming with? I mean, we could drop you wherever afterwards." The look he gave me suggested that he was as unsure as I was about my coming with them, but like I said earlier, I felt indebted to them, and I decided I may as well do them a favor, while getting far enough away as I could from Crowley and company.

"Sure, why not? I shrugged. And with those three words, I sealed my fate.

#### 4. Chapter 4

##### Chapter 4

My butt was numb. We had been in the car for quite some time now, and as I sat in the backseat, staring out the window, thinking strategy for if worse came to worse, who Charlie could be, and where exactly I would go after all was said and done. I didn't have any friends to speak of, I couldn't exactly sleep in the family mausoleum, and Alexâ€¢ Well, I couldn't bear the thought of Alex. Maybe I could sneak across the Canadian border and build a cabin in the middle of nowhere. Or break into one. I snorted. \_Yeah, like that had been such a good idea the last time. \_I thought to myself.

"What?" Sam called from the front seat.

"Nothing." I said, wondering why he had asked. "Hey, we gettin' close?"

"Yeah, just a few minutes from here." Soon enough, we were rolling up to a park, and before I had enough time to think "What are we doing here" we parked in front of a large banner inside the park that read "MOONDOOR". Behind the poled entrance, there were colorful tents of all shapes and sizes, prevailing colors of red, brown, green, and black, LARPers were everywhere, in cloaks and leather armor and all assortments of garb. Buying and selling wares, having wooden sword

battles, laughing, eating, fighting, in and out of character. It was strangely comforting, knowing that somehow, somewhere, people felt happy, safe, and had some semblance of belonging.

We got out of the car, and the whole place smelled as cool as it looked, turkey legs roasting, sweat, leather, woodsmoke, steel, and all things medieval. At present, they all seemed to be heading to the right and past the camp's borders. As we walked through the place, people nodded towards Sam and Dean, and I could see the admiration gleaming in their eyes. The fact that they had been here before was evident, but what they could have done to earn these guy's respect, I had no clue.

When we got to the tent, Dean told me to wait outside. Well, the exact phrase was "Stay". I inwardly chuckled at the statement but kept my mouth shut. I understood it was Charlie's choice to meet me or not, but I was curious, so I may, have, well- eavesdropped. I know! I know! Don't hate me, but seriously, would you would have been able to resist the temptation? Yes? Yeah, well I'm a sucker for knowledge, so keep your trap shut.

"Hey! Sam, Dean! What are you guys doing here? Not that I'm not happy to see you guys or anything, but when you guys show up bad things \_tend\_ to be happening near or around the place, so you can understand my consternation, I mean concern, totally meant concern." I had to assume the speaker was Charlie. \_Huh, I was kind of expecting a dude, but OK. \_

"It's good to see you too Charlie, but, are you OK? You seem a bit-well, flustered." Sam observed.

"Well, that would be because \_I \_have a combat tournament I need to host, in, like, twenty minutes, and the Queen must not be late."

"Don't worry, it'll only take a couple minutes" Dean said, "Here's the thing... we need a sword."

"What, like a wooden sword?"

"No, a, uh, real sword, as in, steel." Sam replied.

"Well, the tournament's prize for today is a hand-forged steel blade, but neither of you can enter."

"And why's that? Dean asked.

"Well, no high ranking official from any faction can enter the competition, which is the reason why I'm overseeing it and not participating. And, well, you guys are like my right and left hands, so I don't think the referees would let you enter, even if you wanted to. And unless you have someone else who can enter in your place, I don't think you guys will be getting a sword for a while, the tournament lasts for three days, and everyone will be preoccupied." I can only assume that Sam and Dean did that "are you thinking what I'm thinking what I'm thinking" look, because the next thing out of Charlie's mouth was a rather suspicious "What?" \_Oh dear. \_I knew what came next.

"Hey Amal! Can you come in here for a sec?"

I ducked my head in and took in my surroundings, a large bed took center stage, with a large portrait of a regal red headed woman with green eyes in a velvet red dress and a golden crown. Charlie. I turned to my temporary compatriots.

"Amal, Charlie." Sam said "Charlie, Amal."

"Hi" I said, rather awkwardly. I wasn't entirely sure what to say, but I didn't need to speak for the moment, thankfully, as Dean filled me in on what I already knew.

"So. Let me get this straight. You guys need me to enter a combat tournament, with no practice with the weapons I'll be using, little knowledge of what my opponents will be capable of, and with armor that may or may not fit." I said.

"Yep." Dean replied.

I shrugged. "Seems fair, but so long as it ain't a chainmail bikini, I think I'll be good." I said. Charlie said she would let me borrow her spare set of armor, since we were about the same height, which consisted of two pauldrons, a sort of belt hip-guard thingy, boots, and gauntlets. I wore a small mail shirt beneath the armor, along with padding, and some simple black pants and a black tunic, and armed myself with a wooden parrying dagger accompanied by dual knives.

I walked out of the small changing tent, to where the others were waiting. "I know." I said, hands raised in surrender. "I look like an absolute dweeb."

"No!" Charlie objected "No, you look great! Now all we have to do is come up with a name for you and we can enter you in the tournament!"

"Oh! I know." Dean said. "How 'bout Cooper the Sly?"

"Or Drake of Nathaniel" Sam snarked.

"I don't get it. What's with all the thief jokes?" Charlie asked confusedly.

"Oh. She didn't tell you about our little meet-cute then?" Dean said, smirking. "Yeah, Catwoman over here broke into our cabin and hid in the closet."

"I was starving!" I objected "And Rapunzel over here-" I jerked my thumb at Sam "-knocked me out with a frying pan!"

"Hey, how'd you know it was me?" Sam asked.

"Angle of the blow, Sasquatch." I retorted.

"That's it!" Charlie interjected, interrupting our little snark-fest.

"What's it?" I said.

"Flynn the Rider" Charlie said, grinning mischievously.

"Actually," I said, cutting off the sounds of Sam and Dean snorting.  
"I already have a name in mind."

"And what would that be?" Dean asked.

"Blaez of Oboroten"

## 5. Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

"Ooooh nice." Charlie cooed. "Where'd you get it?"

"It's my Skyrim character name" I mumbled rather sheepishly.

"Cool! Hey, what race are you? I'm a Khajiit."

"Hey! Guys. Sorry to interrupt your little fangirl moment here, but don't we have a tournament to enter?" Dean asked.

"You guys go on ahead and get seats while I get her registered." Sam wished me luck and patted me awkwardly on the shoulder. It was a gesture that brought back a string of memories, both pleasant and unpleasant, but I bit them back, not wanting to show the effects of my messed up memory lane just yet. Alex. \*\*Shut up brain.\*\*

Charlie and I headed for the registration booth, and got me signed up without any problems. It pays to have the Queen for a friend, I mused.

"And may the odds be ever in your favor!" Charlie said in an overly-peppy imitation of Effie Trinket as she left. And suddenly, I was alone. I headed over to where the other combatants were awaiting the first match, and felt the eyes on my back, sizing me up. This may be the twenty-first century, but I could sense that most of my male opponents dismiss me within a few seconds or so, likely due to the fact I was a girl. Good, I thought, I'll use that to my advantage.

Soon enough, the first match was on, and the one after, and the one after. Each time, I studied each opponent, looking for weaknesses, strengths, old injuries, favored sides, styles, weapons, handedness, speed, stamina, all that jazz, even though I wouldn't have to worry about those combatants for awhile. The day was young and this was only the elimination round, I wouldn't be fighting the winners of these until later in the day. Finally, it was my turn.

"Ashnah of Oboroten versus Tyran the Destructor!" The announcer said in a booming voice. I walked out onto the field to face my first foe. My opponent, unsurprisingly, was undeserving of the self-proclaimed title, and not because he was skinny as a stick, or that I could smell his nervousness from afar, or the fact that he had obviously never had any education in swordsmanship, aside from maybe watching Braveheart. No, it was because he charged me, broadsword held high in the air, yelling like a banshee with underdeveloped vocal cords. I easily sidestepped the attack, and kicked the back of his knee. He tripped and fell to the ground, and, quick as a flash, I had a wooden

knife at his throat. "I yield!" He yelped, raising his hands in surrender. And just like that, my first match was over.

The next few matches of mine went pretty quickly. They were, thankfully, more experienced, and stronger than my first mid-pubescent opponent, though I dispatched them with similar speed. I could hear Sam and Dean whooping for my victories, really getting into the whole thing, which was encouraging, not only because I thought they might be beginning to like me, but because knowing the stories about the famous (or infamous, depending on which side you were on) Winchesters, I knew that they didn't get a lot of breaks in life, and that they probably saw the ugly belly of it all more often than most people. \_Like when they find out what you are, for example? \_The darker side of my brain crooned. \_It would be such a \_\_\*\*shame \*\*\_\_for them to have to kill their newfound friend. \_I shook the thoughts away, but they reminded me of the fact that I couldn't stay, even if they \*\*did \*\*like me. Not for long, anyways.

It was about midday when everyone broke for lunch. I strolled over to where Sam and Dean were standing with Charlie, and they handed me some of the mutton I had smelled earlier, and congratulated me in a rather peculiar, though entertaining, fashion, with Dean retelling my fights with heavy use of the word "like", Sam, a simple "You did great out there" which made me inwardly swell with pride, and Charlie hugged me hard, practically glowing, and proceeded to call me Katniss for the remainder of lunch. I smiled, and laughed, and silently promised myself that whatever happened, I couldn't let what happened to Alex happen again. Not ever. Not to these guys, who I was so, so, \*\*so\*\*, afraid of finding my secret, who had saved me, who had done the impossible. They had made me truly smile.

I went back to the field, spirits raised, and belly full of mutton, and, rather impatiently, waited for my next match.

My anticipation was short-lived, as I was the second match after lunch. "Dromin the Gargantuan versus Ashnah of Oboroten" I was excited. \*\*Finally\*\*. A real opponent. Someone I could truly test my skills against. I was all fired up!

I had seen my opponent earlier on. He wore a full set of armor, and while that made him less vulnerable to attack, it also made him slower, but he was deft and sure with a greatsword, those points combined, I would have to get in close in order to win, and aside from that, I had no chance with my parrying blade or my knives to deflect a blow from a greatsword, whether it was wooden or no. We circled each other on the field, sizing each other up, and I waited for him to make the first move, like he had in his previous fights. He did not disappoint. His reach was long, and he swung at my midriff, and I leapt back. This went on for awhile, him on the offensive and me taking every opportunity to weaken him, a punch here and there, just enough to bruise him, until finally, and opening, the blade swished by me with an upward strike, \_too slowly, \_and I danced away from the blade, front-rolled, and jumped up and grabbed him by the shoulder, and jammed my parrying dagger into the open armpit of his chestplate. "I yield!" He called. Now why would he yield you ask? It was only his armpit, right? Well, my dear reader, had this been a real fight, I would have gutted him already, because my dagger would have stuck him from his armpit to his liver. Boom. Mortally wounded.

"Victor! Ashnah of Oboroten!" The announcer practically screamed over the crowd's hollering. We stepped away from one another and he held out his hand. "Good fight." He said, and I took it and shook.

"Ditto." I said. We both headed back to the sidelines, and I looked at the remaining combatants. There were only three of us left, which meant I would have to fight the victor of the next match. I studied the two of them. The one that was dressed in all black cloth, looking like a caravan trader, was called Parginn Black Fist, and I hadn't seen their face, I wasn't sure anyone had, actually, though I could tell it was a girl from her scent, and she fought like Jackie Chan on steroids. The second guy was a different story, Quiar the Wrathful, simply dressed in a breastplate, and gauntlets, but the scarce armor didn't fool me, he was near demonic with that blade of his, slashing and swiping relentlessly, until his opponent was on their knees, squealing "I yield! I yield!".

Their fight was spectacular, each opponent equally matched in speed and strength, it was like a deadly dance, each one taking equal damage, and dishing it out, until finally, Parginn had her knee on Quiar's back, his arm in Parginn's hand. "I yield." Quiar said, gracefully accepting defeat.

It was my turn. I walked onto the field, heart beating wildly, adrenaline surging through my body. I was on high alert, I could hear her sturdy heartbeat against my wild one, and I could hear her hard breathing, still tired from the last fight, smell the sweat on the both of us, and the anticipation of a grand battle. We were \*\*itching\*\* to fight. The crowd was eerily quiet, everyone on edge.

We stalked one another, like two big cats, lithe, graceful, and powerful. For once, I made the first move, and lunged towards my foe. She blocked my attack, my knives over her head, and pushed me back, and began a volley of burst-like attacks, and I countered and dodged with equal verve and energy. For a few minutes, all that mattered was us. The now roaring crowd wasn't there, and we reveled in it. Finally, I dove and swiped her feet out from under her, but when I moved to put my knife at her throat, she rolled away, and nailed me to the ground. The crowd gasped, but I only smirked. I rolled and placed my knife upon her throat, her arms pinned to her chest, the both of us breathing hard. "I yield" she called to the referee, smiling crazily. Her head wrap must have fallen off at some point. I hadn't noticed. I let her go, and we both stood up, and clasped each other's arms, silently congratulating one another.

It didn't last long though, because the crowd surged forward, picking me up and holding me aloft in their many arms, and set me down before Charlie.

She was grinning madly, and said "Kneel, brave soul, for you have fought valiantly, shown courage, strength, and discipline and therefore deserve the highest of honors." I kneeled, head bowed. "I present to you, the Sword of Stars, forged in the hottest fires, from the finest celestial steel, and cooled with waters from the river Polian. Do you accept this gift, fair fighter, along with the honor of knighthood of my realm?"

"I do." I said. She touched the blade on my shoulders, knight style.

"Then rise, Knight of The Crescent, servant of my kingdom." I stood. And Charlie handed me the blade. It was simple, but elegant, shinning in the afternoon light, with a Celtic knot-like design adorning the hilt, and a comfortable leather grip.

"I thank you, my Queen." I bowed, blade still in hand.

"And now, we shall feast!" Charlie said, sending the LARPers to the food vendors who had set up around the field. Once they had gone, Charlie turned to me and squealed. "OmigoshOmigoshOmigosh! That was \*\*amazing\*\*! Where did you learn to \*\*do\*\* all that?! I mean, I'm pretty good with a sword (amazing actually) but that was so cool!"

I laughed, and said "Years of hunting will teach you that kind of thing" and though there was more to it, but I stopped there, not at first hearing the note of pain in my own voice.

"But, you're what, nineteen? To get like thatâ€!" She paused. "You grew up like Sam and Dean, didn't you?"

"Yeah," I said, "yeah, I did." I inspected my boots, and looked back up. I smelled something. I surveyed the area, until my eyes settled on Quiar, who was watching me and Charlie. I inhaled. Sulfur. It's coming from him. I tried not to panic. "Charlie, you need to go, don't look at Quiar, go to your tent and stay there. Once Sam, Dean, and I leave, you'll be safe, along with everyone else, but not a moment sooner. Act natural, OK?"

She nodded, hugged me, and whispered "Stay safe, and come back, alright?" I hugged her back, and went to do what was necessary.

## 6. Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

I walked over to where Quiar stood, and smiled, "Hey! It's Quiar, right?"

He gave me a charming grin, all pearly whites, and said "Actually, it's Brian, but, well, Quiar sounds sexier, so feel free to call me either one." I laughed, fighting down the bile in my throat, he was handsome, without a doubt, with chestnut brown hair falling in his grey eyes, but that was the demon talking, not the poor guy he had possessed. I had to do something. I had a thought. Demons are all Id right, all carnal desire and instinct? I inwardly sighed. I am not going to enjoy this.\_

"You know, I'm getting kind of hot in this armor, would you mind helping me get it off?" I motioned to a small changing tent nearby. OMG I feel gross just \_\_\*\*saying \*\*\_\_it.\_

He sighed, "Sorry sweetheart," he said, brushing my cheek. Ewww Ewww Ewww. "But I have an important call to make, can I take a rain check?" He smiled again, and I had to force myself not to upchuck the mutton I ate earlier. I knew what a demonic call meant, some innocent girl he could get alone would have her throat slashed, but the fact he wasn't marching me over to that tent right now meant Crowley wanted me alive. I wasn't sure whether to be relieved or terrified.

I leaned in closer, and purred "Oh, they can wait, can't they?" \_I will have to take, like, forty showers to feel clean again.\_

"I suppose they can." He said, and we started walking. I slipped inside the tent, and told him to wait outside, because I had something special. \_You're darn right it's special.\_

And after a couple minutes, I called, struggling to keep my tone playful. "Come in, but keep your eyes closed."

"Alright" he said, walking right into the Devil's Trap I had carved into the dirt.

"Open them up." I said, grinning madly. He let out a string of curses, none of them pleasant, all of them pertaining to me and my lineage. I chuckled, and started chanting. "\_Exorcizamus te, Omnis Immundus Spiritusâ€!"\_

Once the demon had left Brian's body, I sprinted to find Sam and Dean, and though wanted to stay and explain to Brian what had just happened, I knew the only way tonight wouldn't turn into a massacre is if we left now. I stopped and sniffed the air, my adrenaline surging. \_C'mon, c'mon. They've gotta be around here somewhere- Bingo! \_I ran towards the line at the burger tent and found Dean.

"Dean, come on, we've gotta go." I said, huffing.

"What? But I was just-"

"Demons. Here. And if we don't leave \*\*now\*\* it'll be a massacre." His face shifted from bewildered to serious. Together, we headed for the Impala, and Dean called Sam, who was already there. We jumped in the car, and headed for the road.

"So what happened?" Sam asked.

"Remember that guy, Quiar the Wrathful?"

"Yeah."

"Well, between his last match and the end of the tournament, he was possessed, and I just exorcised him."

"Why didn't you call us? I mean, we could have killed him."

"Oh, sure, and kill the poor guy he was possessing? No way. It had only just happened, there was no way he would have had the chance to ride his meatsuit that hard. Besides, he was alive, albeit confused, when I left him. Which is more than I could've said for him if you had stuck him with that blade of yours."

"You're probably right." Sam sighed.

"Yeah, well, now we've got demons on our tail, and for what reason again? There's no way demons could track you that far, or that fast, without orders from the higher ups." Dean interrupted.

"I don't know." I lied.

"Alright then Miss "I don't know", I'll leave it alone now, but after we kill this Llamhigyn thing, you and I are going to have a little chat."

"Yeah. Yeah that's fair" I said, resigned. I will help them with the Llamhigyn y dwr, I promised myself, but once this is over, I'm skipping town, with or without them.

We stayed in a motel for the night, a couple hours from Moondoor to the sticks. It was around ten o'clock once we got there, and I volunteered to take the loveseat couch while they slept on the beds. They protested, but gave up when I pointed out I was the only one who would fit.

I took a much needed shower, which felt extremely cleansing after flirting with a sulfur sicko back there. I probably stood there, thinking, longer than I really needed to, but when I stepped out, I felt better. As I was getting dressed, Dean accidentally walked in on me and, thankfully, I was fully clothed, but my old scars were still visibly peeking out of my tank top. He retreated out of the bathroom, and apologized. But I could hear him lingering at the door, probably wondering what had happened to me, to a kid my age, to give me scars like that. I could smell his anger, concern, and morbid curiosity through the door, but he decided not to press when I walked out. I appreciated it. I didn't want to be reminded of how I got those scars any more than I did when I saw them in the mirror every night.

We left in the morning, silent, and I could feel that they were revising their decision to trust me. I don't blame them, but so long as they're safe once all's said and done, I don't care. I \*\*do not \*\*care what they think of me. Even the Impala could tell I was lying on that last statement, but really, so long as no one else got hurt on my account, I would be fine.

Once we got to town, near midday, Sam and Dean suited up so they could question the local PD. There had been another victim the night before, and I felt guilty, despite knowing there was no way we could've gotten here faster than we did, but the guilt just sat in my stomach like a rock.

When got to the scene of the crime, I hung back, thinking it would be weird if they saw a kid in her late teens with a couple of FBI agents, but more because I could smell the nauseatingly fresh corpse nearby, and I listened in on the conversation they had with the police chief.

"So what do you think could have done this?" Sam asked, at this point only trying to confirm what we already knew.

"That's the thing." The chief said, southern accent shining through. "I've got no clue. The vic was chowed down on, that's for sure, but the bite marks don't match that of any animal in or near this area."

"What about smuggled animals?" Dean asked, possibly trying to put her onto a false lead, so we could kill the thing uninterrupted. But her answer surprised the three of us.

"It wouldn't surprise me." She huffed, sounding almost annoyed.

"And why's that?" Sam asked quizzically, tilting his head to the side.

"Well, it's just that this area has a bit of a drug problem the last six months. Uh, cocaine\*\*, \*\* mostly, and we think it's being smuggled through the docks, but by who, we can't figure out. And believe you me, we've been trying, so it wouldn't surprise me if the arrogant bastards upgraded to smuggling animals too." Well, it would certainly explain how the thing got here, but first, we needed to take said monster out.

We stopped for lunch at a local restaurant, and Sam explained his plan to the two of us, while Dean inhaled a double cheeseburger, and I gave my input based on my last experience with the Llamhigyn. After about a half hour, and a couple salads, we had our plan in place.

## 7. Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

My butt was numb. Again. I sat in the bushes, watching Sam fake jog for what seemed like the hundredth time down the same stretch of trail, next to the water. I held "The Sword of Stars" in both hands, sitting cross-legged behind bushes that were not too far from the trail itself.

Sam had certainly dressed the part of hapless jogger, with a sleeveless light blue tank top, tan shorts, and white Nikes. I had to wonder where he had gotten the outfit, seeing as ninety five percent of his and Dean's wardrobe consisted of leather jackets, jeans, and flannel. Did he, like, order the shoes online? How would he do that? They seem to move around a lot, so how would they ship it to him? Did they buy that whole outfit for the sole purpose of disguise, or did he have it beforehand? And for what reason? Wow. That was a new all time low when it came to boredom, and I was no stranger to stakeouts. I also knew I should be on high alert, but after sitting in the bushes for a couple hours, you tend to relax (read: nearly fall asleep while sitting up).

I looked for Dean, who was in the bushes nearby, and saw the glint of his pistol in the orange streetlight, and heard the rustle of leaves as he re-settled on the ground. I could tell he was about as tired and bored as I was, but the both of us stayed watching Sam, who looked pretty tired after jogging after two hours.

Dean started to get up, probably about to call it a night, but I heard the water churn, and I switched to a crouching position, my ears and eyes trained on the water. I whistled to the guys, our signal for "be ready". Sam stopped, and acted exhausted (which didn't seem that hard for him), trying to draw it out. My body switched into overdrive, and the Llamhigyn sprang from the water, fanged mouth open in what sounded like a cross between a croak and a scream, with its scorpion-like stinger at the ready. Sam dove out of the way, and Dean and I surged forward.

Dean shot four times, two bullets for each wing, but it dodged each one with lazy grace, and swooped down at him, intent on revenge, with

its stinger pointed at Dean's very vulnerable chest. I ran and swung downwards, slicing its tail off. It scream-croaked again, this time in pain rather than triumph, and lashed out at me with the stump. It caught me in the side, and sent me and the blade flying. I fell to the ground, the wind knocked from my lungs. The Llamhigyn resumed its initial attack on Sam, determined to eat its prey. Sam ran towards me, and I tossed him the sword. He turned to the monstrosity chasing him, and stuck the blade down its ugly maw. It let out a dying squawk, and fell, limp and lifeless, to the ground. He pulled the sword from the carcass, which was now covered in monster goo. "Eugh." He said, voicing everyone's opinion.

The three of us stood over the dead body, covering our noses. The thing smelled terrible, like bat guano, rotten eggs, and, well, amphibian. We were about to burn the body, when I noticed something attached to it's earhole.

"Wait!" I said, and leaned in closer, still pinching my nose. It was a tag. "Take a look at this" I said holding the tag up for the guys to see. It read: Property of Flommer Imports and Exports, and beneath the text was a small insignia of a plum tree on a sailboat.

"Flommer Imports and Exports." Sam read aloud.

"Yeah, hey, I saw a sign of theirs back in town." Dean said. "Maybe we should pay Miss Flommer a little visit tomorrow."

"Uh, guys?" I said. The body was starting to, well, melt. That was the only way I could really describe it, it was decaying so fast, the rotting flesh oozing off the bones until nothing was left, save for a large (and very stinky) puddle of goo. It smelled even worse than before, if that was possible, and we all stepped back, and quietly agreed that there wasn't any point in trying to bury the remains, so we set fire to them, though our eyes watered, and our noses were probably cursing our names at the moment.

After that was done, we headed back to the motel we were staying at, and while I got dressed in the bathroom, I heard Dean say to Sam,

"Hey, can I talk to you, outside, for a minute?"

"Yeah, sure."

They stepped outside, and I exited the bathroom, listening intently, I wouldn't have eavesdropped if I thought they were just talking about the two of them, but the way things had been, lately, it was likely to involve me in the conversation.

"So what do you think?" Dean started.

"About what?"

"Oh, I don't know, Amal, this whole situation, the fact that she has scars on her, old ones, as a matter of fact, and why she isn't telling us for real, why she's running?" Dean said, "Any of that seem suspicious to you?" My throat constricted. I knew Dean had seen them, and he hadn't actually promised to keep it a secret, but I still felt violated for him talking about them to Sam. It wasn't as though I didn't trust Sam, it was just that I didn't really want anyone else

to know. My scars started to ache, and I shifted with unease.

"Yeah, Dean." Sam replied. "It does seem a bit odd, but we were hunting at about her age, and she's not the only one with a fair share of scars. And—" He sighed "She's not the only one here with secrets. You and I haven't told her a lot about ourselves either, so how can you expect her to come gushing out about herself?"

"Yeah? Well ours aren't exactly putting her in any danger. And how do we explain Crowley after her? Sure, we hunted when we were younger, but we didn't exactly anger the King of Hell."

"Look. She said she'd come clean after we did the job, so let's let her explain herself after we're done, OK?"

Dean let out a long breath, "OK." He said, satisfied with Sam's answer. Was that, I sniffed, relief? Did he just explain all his suspicions about me to Sam because he wanted to make sense of it? So he could trust me? I wasn't sure if I should be flattered or emotionally torn apart, so I stepped out as Sam and Dean walked in.

"Where you going?" Sam asked.

"I- uh- I just uh- I need some air" I said, struggling not to choke up. Sam stepped forward, maybe wanting to talk, I honestly had no idea, but Dean held him back. I could practically hear him say "Let her sort herself out" with the look he gave Sam. Sam relented. And with that, I proceeded to walk into the forest for a little pity party. Guests? Me, myself, and the thoughts that weighed on me. And yes, I know I seem weak, wimpy, and fairly pathetic right now, but sometimes, a good cry is all someone needs to get themselves back on their feet. And I needed a pretty serious cry.

When we got up the next morning, we went over our fairly simple, but effective, plan. Sam and Dean would disguise themselves as FBI again, and question Flommer, while I would hang back and look for any other entry points in case she was less-than-forthcoming about her business. Easy as pie. Not Dean's though. Touch Dean's pie and you is dead.

I hopped out of the Impala once Sam and Dean stepped inside the office, and walked across the road and behind the depressingly grey building. I found the door easily enough, but I didn't hear, smell, or see any signs that the Llamhigyn had been kept here. Not from the outside anyways. I suspected as much. It was highly unlikely that they kept the thing in their offices, but I was at least hopeful there would be some clue. I knew we were going to break in that night, but I had ample distraction with Sam and Dean questioning her, and it would be faster if I found the info we needed now, to see where they had kept the Llamhigyn. So, on impulse, I picked the lock and slipped quietly inside.

Now I know you guys are probably mentally cursing me right now. "You idiot! Wait for Sam and Dean! You'll get yourself killed!" And I understand your concern, and I really had no idea what was on the other side of that door, heightened senses or no, the thing was so thick, I couldn't make hide nor tail of what was in there, so maybe I am an idiot. But, luckily for my stupid self, the only other dweller of the basement was a lonesome security guard, who, at the moment,

was conked out at his ugly faux-wood desk, in front of security camera feeds that looked like 2003 had come 'a callin'. I whispered past him, and walked through the door on the opposite side of the room.

I left the door slightly ajar, and found myself in a long hallway, with five doors on the right wall, and two (counting the one I just entered) on the left, and a stairway at the very end. I walked past each of the doors, until I came to the fourth one on the right, labeled "Records". I twisted the knob, and the door creaked as I snuck inside. Filing cabinets took up most of the room, in three separate rows. No wonder the security cameras were so outdated. These guys were seriously old-school.

I walked along the first row, and looked at the labels on each drawer. After a little while, I found the cabinet labeled "Properties". I tugged the top drawer open, and after what seemed like a century of searching, I found what I was looking for. A deed to an undeveloped warehouse just outside of town, and right by the docks. How convenient. I thought. Perfect for an animal and/or drug smuggling ring. I snapped a picture of the deed, and the address to the warehouse, stuck the file back in its proper place, and made my way to the back door entrance. The door squeaked upon my re-entry, and I stopped, and the guard awoke. Shoot. I heard him take out his phone and curse. Then he went still, and unholstered his gun. He must have seen the cameras. I realized there was one behind me, but luckily, it was just so positioned that it couldn't see my face. I dashed out, gunshots blasting behind me.

I tore back across the street to the Impala, gleaming in the mid-morning light, and saw that Sam and Dean were sitting in the car already, waiting for me. I opened the side door, and sat inside. "Go! Go! Go!" Dean shifted into gear and we sped off.

"You guys got anything?" I asked, once we were safely away.

"Well, what we got was a deflection from Flommer, who threatened to sue, so we got squat, aside from the fact that she's hiding something" Dean responded.

"What about you?" Said Sam. "You find the back entrance?" I grinned broadly.

"Oh, I found more than just the back entrance." I showed them the picture. "It's a deed to an abandoned and undeveloped warehouse right by the docks."

"Alright, I guess we'll head down there tonight." Sam said. Dean started the car, and we headed for the motel, prepped and primed for a night of B an' E.

We staked out the warehouse for about an hour, watching the comings and goings of the "workers" carrying shipments in and out of the supposedly abandoned warehouse. At eleven o'clock at night, this amount of activity was, needless to say, suspicious. The three of us snuck past the workers, and lined up against the wall on the opposite end of the building. Sam picked the lock, and we stepped tentatively inside, guns at the ready. What we saw made our jaws drop. Sam spoke first.

"What the hell?" He whispered.

My sentiments exactly.

End  
file.